

THE FIELD AFAR

Maryknoll

MARCH 1954



In this issue: MARYKNOLL'S LAND OF THE TWELVE TRIBES



THE POTTER AND HIS CLAY. Through untold centuries, the man with the clay and the wheel has spun out his pots and bowls, and, as Alfredo of Java, has put a bit of his own soul into their adornment.





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The Boy Who Wouldn't Drown

■ JOHNNY KUNG is saying "Thank you" to Father Peter A. Reilly, of Roxbury, Mass. Some men found the boy floating face down in a river and tried to shake the water out of him, but he showed no signs of life. No one knew how long the boy had been in the water. They then sent for Father Reilly, who immediately started prone-pressure artificial respiration. Twenty minutes later the

boy was screaming for his mother.

The Kung family live in the refugee settlement at Kowloon-Tsai, on the island of Hong Kong, where Father Reilly works among those who fled from the Red tyranny on the mainland of China.

Since being rescued, the boy has been attending Mass with his mother, father, brother and two sisters at Father Reilly's chapel.

in pagan lands. The purpose is to build up as complete an organization as possible, which will itself later continue with better success the work of converting its own natives.

The writings of Bishop Ford constitute a most practical missionary technique which could be followed by all Americans are

proud of their country, its freedom and its prosperity. And yet here to other nations is given the example of an American who never tried to Americanize the Chinese or anyone else. Too often the missionary carried a flag; Bishop Ford kept the flag hidden in his heart. What he showed was the Crucifix! Christ loved His land and wept over its failings like a patriot, but He died discounted. So every missionary should die; so died Bishop Ford.

One may never anticipate Holy Mother Church in her judgment of sanctity. But since that judgment is determined to some extent by the petitions of the faithful, it is the hope of The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, which is the Pontifical Society, that the American public may begin to revere the memory of the first American bishop ever to die a brutal death in fulfillment of his priestly duties. Bishop Ford belonged to Maryknoll but he also belonged to all missionaries, to all priests, to all bishops. It is to the common interest of all that his life,

his doctrine and his death be our common, prayerful interest.

It would not be presumptuous for us to ask favors of Bishop Ford. It is true that no public prayers may be said to Bishop Ford, but in the privacy of one's own home one may with profit ask God to show us that Bishop Ford has received the

OUR ADDRESS?

It's Easy!

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.**

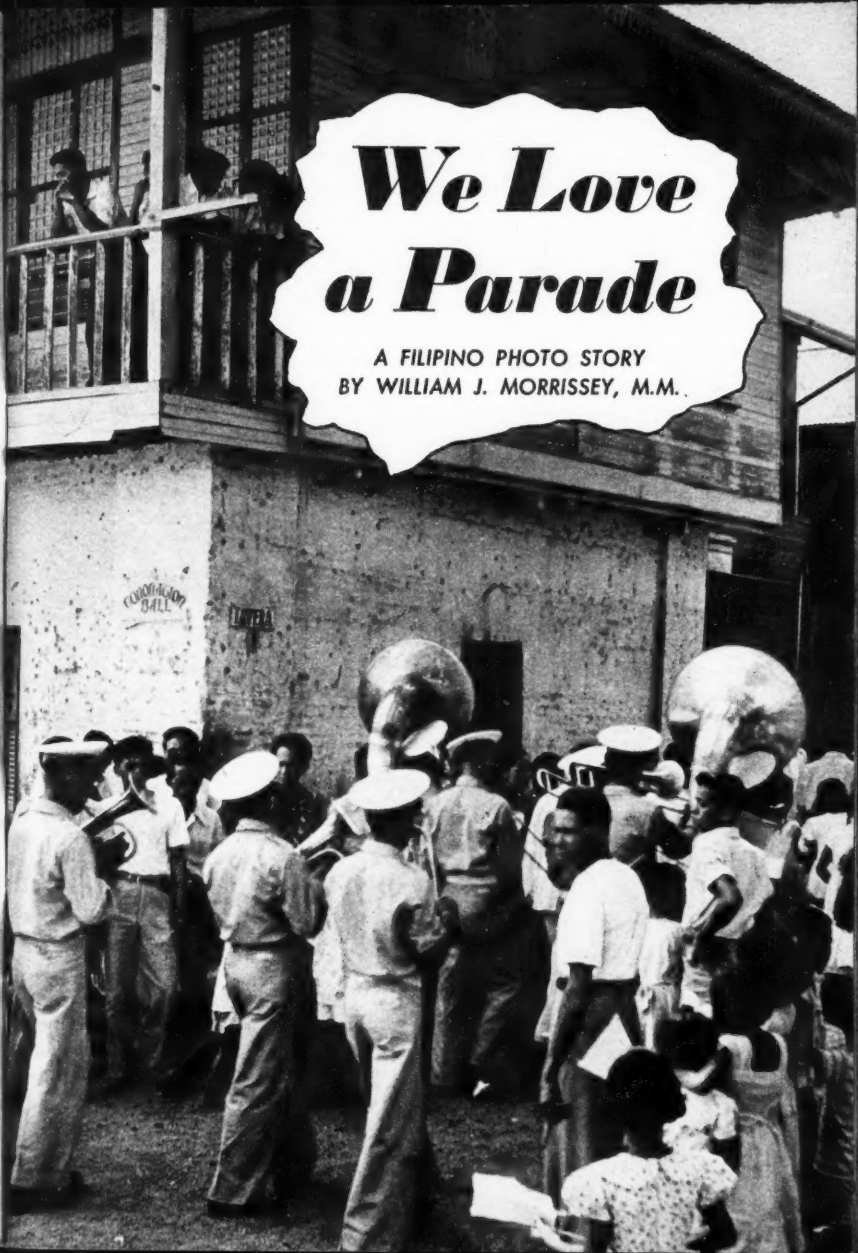
crown of precious stones given to martyrs of the spirit.

America needs a truly American saint, one born in America, one who attended our parochial schools, our seminaries and was like the rest of us in "all things" except his saintly sufferings for the Faith. Perhaps God may see fit through our prayers to prosper his cause. If such be the case, let it proceed in the name of the Catholics of America, that Bishop Ford may be the patron of *all* missionaries, all priests and all Americans.

Who wrote that all he wanted was to be "ground under foot and spat upon and worn out" in order to be the "doorstep by which multitudes may come to worship Thee"? Panting like the hart to be a stone "in the King's Highway in pathless China," he became just that — a stone of stumbling, a stone that was rejected by the Red builders, a stone compacted in doctrine with the Man who is a Rock. Please God, may he be the first American ever to be raised to the altar of God.

We Love a Parade

A FILIPINO PHOTO STORY
BY WILLIAM J. MORRISSEY, M.M.





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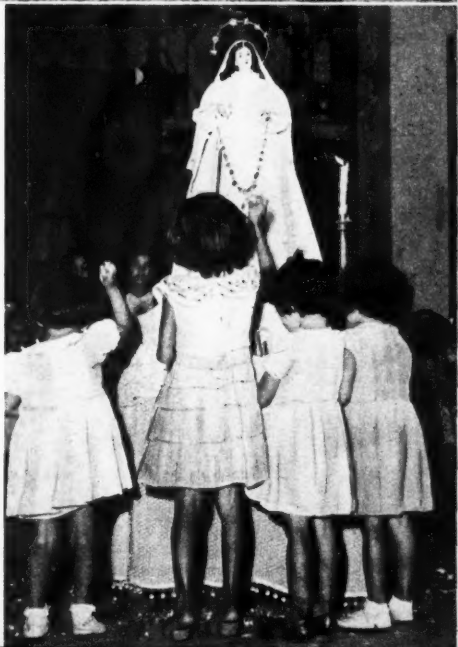
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Father Joseph Regan gets an assist from two native priests (left) while lassies (right) give an impromptu cheer for Mary, and teacher (above) tries to line up her excited pupils.

■ WOVEN into the warp and woof of all Filipinos are the words, "We love a parade." The people who inhabit the 7,000 islands in the far Pacific are much like Latin Americans — they like a procession: a parade with a religious flavor. Their emotions are near the surface and nothing is more likely to make them bubble over than their favorite way of celebrating feast days. This includes all the trimmings: lots of enthusiasm, a loud band, plenty of flowers and the statue of their pet saint marching with them through the village streets.





Dear to the hearts of these girls in Maryknoll's mission in Lipa are the hours they spend preparing for Our Lady's annual flower fiesta.



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esta.

Good Friday isn't complete without a procession in honor of Christ. The statue is heavy, so a Maryknoller's jeep is borrowed for the occasion.

Land of the 12



In Maryknoll-in-Africa, Brother Damien, above, could

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2 Tribes



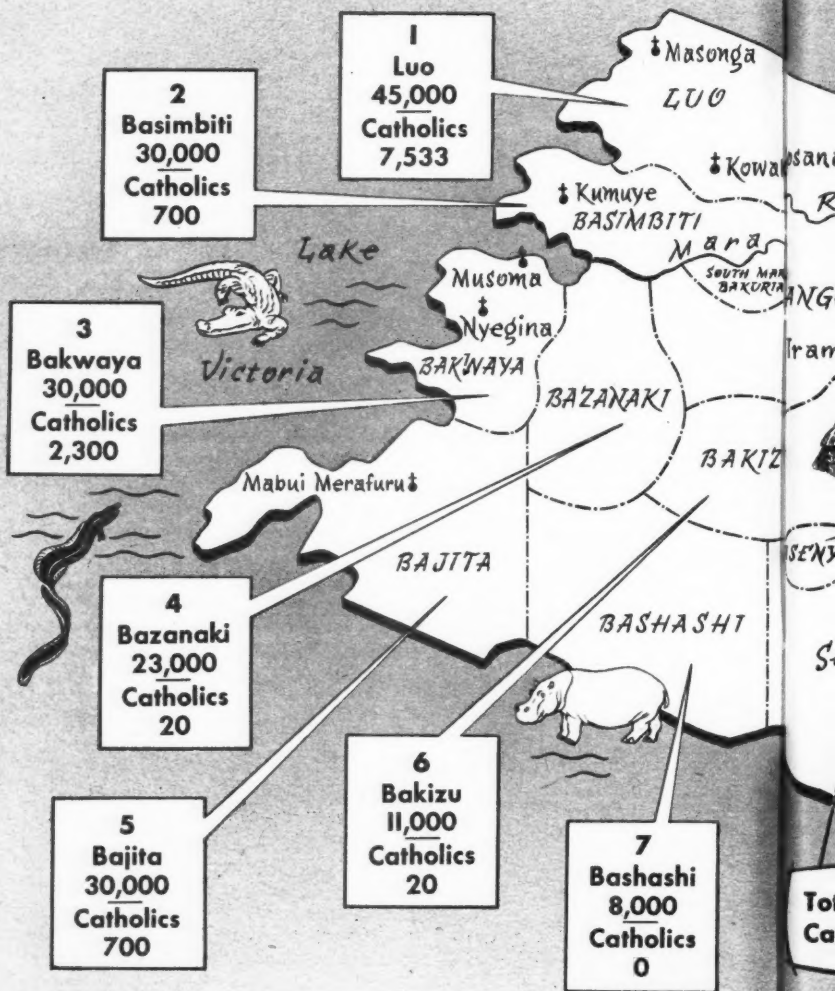
BY JOHN J. CONSIDINE, M.M.

■ AN HOUR after leaving our lake steamer at Musoma, I was listening to Father Robert Moore preach his Sunday sermon in Kiswahili. Within another hour, I was listening to Father Thomas Gibbons, in Nye-gina, preach his sermon in Kikwaya. This is a tip-off on Maryknoll's mission field in East Africa; it is a land of many languages. Indeed, the Maryknollers after lunch that first day counted twelve different language groups within our Prefecture of Musoma. Add to this dozen of tongues a thirteenth, used as the lingua franca throughout Tanganyika; namely, Kiswahili. English, the ambition of every African youngster who gets a chance at schooling makes a fourteenth.

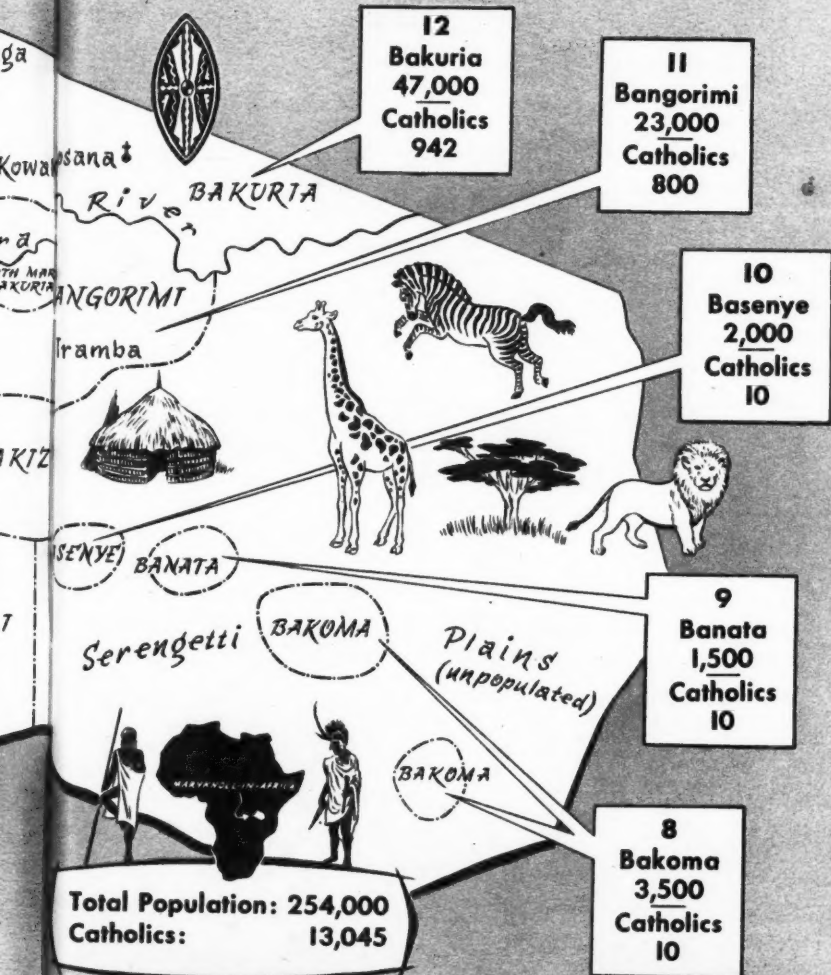
While Father Moore preached, a tiny tot in his birthday suit toddled about among the women, chattering happily. Another youngster played with his mother's rosary for a while, then pulled the ear of the child beside him. Strangely enough, the second youngster, instead of letting

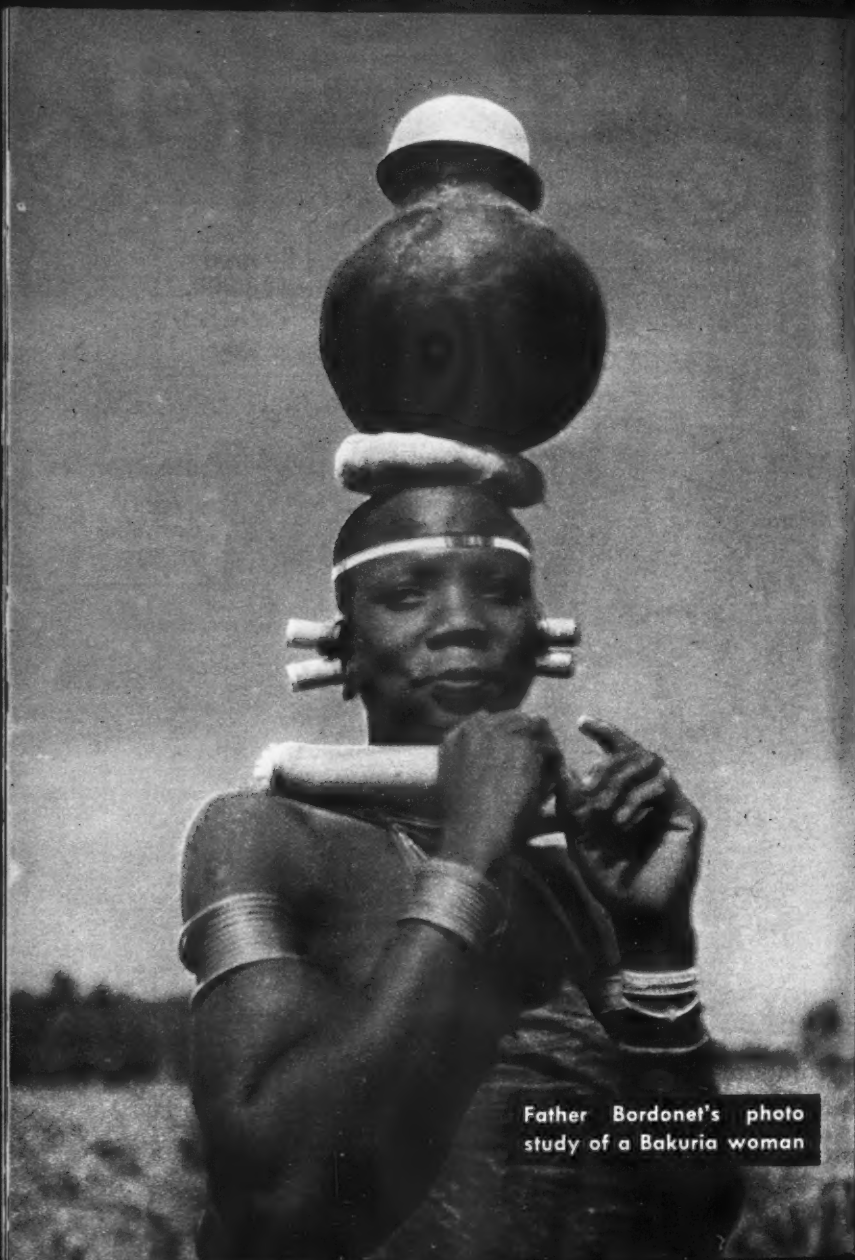
uld sit with a dozen boys, each speaking a different tongue.

MUSOMA - Land of



of the Twelve Tribes





Father Bordonet's photo
study of a Bakuria woman

forth a howl of pain, only jabbered back good-naturedly. Meanwhile the women on their side of the church, and the men folk across the way, listened to the sermon. This easy, informal atmosphere marks all the stations of Maryknoll-in-Africa, a happy world of tribes-people on the shores of Lake Victoria.

It is unusual to find twelve language groups in Africa within an area as small as the Prefecture of Musoma. We are proud indeed of the courage and enterprise of our young Padres who, within the short period of seven years, have tackled six of the twelve tribes, have studied their tongues and their ways, and are winning to Christ some 1,500 new converts each year.

The problem of the languages is a genuinely difficult one. Only two have been committed to paper and possess grammars and dictionaries. The others must be tackled by sitting down with the natives and studying the strange tongues without books.

The mission at Nyegina is the oldest in the territory and is within the country of the Bakwaya, "the hard-headed ones." Among these people the missionaries have some 2,300 Catholics, but a considerable number are in the spiritual "dog house" because their tribe is notorious for loose morals and the Catholic members find it hard to rise above the level of their carelessly living neighbors.

"But wait until you see some of the other tribes ahead," said one of the priests comfortingly. Next morning the makeshift ferry from Musoma made an inglorious landing

on the Kumuge shore and we were among the Basimbiti. These people are a conservative tribe with high morals and friendly ways. They are fairly well off through their fishing and cattle raising. We had lunch in Father Ed Bratton's pre-fabricated aluminum house and then went out to meet the neighbors.

We walked in the hot sun through desolate open country to visit Chief Johannes, king of all the Basimbiti. We met his wife, Christina, and his daughter Katherina.

"Katherina flunked her exams at the Mwanza girls' school," explained Father Bratton. "But she's a likable child; she'll make a good wife for some lucky brave one of these days."

"Thank you for coming, Father," said Katherina with a sudden burst of courage, as we moved away.

Then we called on Cosmas, the catechist. He proudly led us to his untidy hut with chickens clucking about the floor. In a corner burned a fire, over which he had just cooked a pot of millet for himself and his daughter. A decoration on his wall was a page from an American Catholic newspaper, which carried thirty or so photographs of Sisters of different communities. My eye caught a picture of Sister Mary Mercy of Fall River, Mass.

Scattered over the open country were clusters of huts, some of which housed the catechist's prospective new Christians. We dropped in on one family and were greeted cordially. Three huts were neatly centered in an area hedged with sisal plants. On either side was a line of five storage bins on stilts, stuffed



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Father Joseph Brannigan (left) gives Communion during an outside Mass — a make-shift cover above the altar. Father Willie (above) greets a pair of parishioners.

with food and family treasure. Here were typical catechumens for the new Faith among the Basimbiti.

Miles and miles we traveled in Monsignor Grondin's truck. We covered many of Tanganyika's uninteresting roads, and then suddenly a new world opened before us.

"Here we are at Kowak, among the Luos," announced Monsignor. "They are the liveliest tribe in the prefecture."

At present, over half of the Musoma Catholics are Luos. There are only 35,000 in Maryknoll territory, though I am told that almost 2,000,000 Luos are scattered throughout East Africa. Bishop Blomjous, of Mwanza, calls the Luos the hope of

Christianity in East Africa. I instantly rated them as attractive. They love to talk, joke, and laugh. They are frank, candid, hospitable.

"People call the Luos the Americans of this corner of Tanganyika," explained Father Joe Glynn, who is the pastor of Kowak. "They have a dash about them. 'Wan wa Luo,' they say: 'We have the Luo way.' They are tremendously cocksure. Before a football game they'll declare, 'We'll win; we're Luos!' They stand together in extraordinary fashion. 'Kinship sticks to one's bones' is a favorite Luo saying."

The Kowak church is one of the most primitive I saw in East Africa. The White Fathers, who built it,

had to employ the local materials — mud and straw. The walls are of mud, and the confessionals are mud bays protruding into the outside garden. The roof is of thatch supported by mud pillars. The kneelers, for which there are no pews, are likewise of mud. There is no glass in the windows, and birds fly in and out in very friendly fashion.

Father Glynn took me to the catechumenate, and I heard the class of adults singing their lesson about sanctifying grace. The men in particular find these six-month closed catechumenates quite burdensome. But it would be dangerous to lessen the time, because much more important than mere catechetical knowledge is the formation in Christian ways that the closed catechumenate provides.

Here at Kowak is the first African convent of the Maryknoll Sisters, an attractive building within the busy compound. The second convent is now open at Nyegina. The Africans have taken the Sisters to their hearts, an excellent proof being the lively interest of the young women in the native Sisterhood the Maryknollers are forming. Sister Rose Miriam, who is novice mistress, speaks highly of the native candidates.

"Young girls have come to the front door with nothing but the garment they are wearing, saying they want to become Sisters," Sister explains. "They never dream that there might be need to study their vocations before entering. Some make tremendous sacrifices, as Hannah did. Hannah, we discovered after she was with us, had run away

from home. Her mother stormed in on us one day, but Hannah hid for hours in one of the Sister's rooms. Her father stormed in, also. Although a Christian, he opposed his daughter's vocation because it would deprive him of a dowry of 25 cows, worth a total of \$500 gold. This is the greatest wealth a small farmer receives in his whole life. The noisy visits continued, and each time Hannah hid until her parents had wearied and gone. Never a comment from Hannah except a quiet smile and the words, 'I want to be a Sister.'"

"Will these native girls make good religious?" I asked.

"Everywhere in the countries about us," answered Sister, "young native girls are succeeding by hundreds. They pray hard, work hard, study hard, try hard at everything they must do. They have rollicking good humor, and they are wonderful mimics. A perfect Luo could, I think, become a truly great saint."

The most beautiful thing about Maryknoll-in-Africa is the spiritual clan that characterizes the priests, Brothers, and Sisters. The mission field is a new bit in God's vineyard, a young people's world into which the Lord has called some of Catholic America's choice sons and daughters in consecrated service. Conversing in a group one evening after supper, Father Kuhn, who, after a year of studying the language, had just been approved for mission work, mentioned that he had been on his first sick call that afternoon.

"It was a wonderful experience," he remarked casually. "So still and sparkling along the pathways



Look long and well at Africa's native costumes, for changing times are spelling their doom.

through the bush. With the Blessed Sacrament on my breast, I had my first holy hour afoot."

No one had a comment. No one, I made sure, could notice the glistering of my eyes.

After thirty years in the priesthood, here was a new appreciation for me of the thrill of carrying the Lord to the homes of men.

Some hours of bouncing progress in Monsignor's rugged truck took us into the region of the Bakuria people. They are prize winners for primitiveness among the twelve tribes of

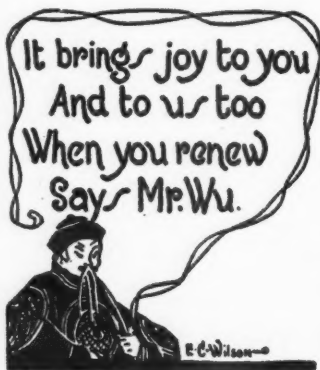
Musoma. As we rode, we saw them everywhere, wearing colorful bead necklaces and bracelets, heavy brass bands on arms and legs, and a minimum of clothing. Bow and arrow hunting is prevalent. Bakuria dances are celebrated for their beauty.

Rosana, our mission station, is dramatically poised on the edge of an escarpment 5,500 feet above the sea, where there is always a fresh breeze. Fathers Reinhart and James showed me the new mud church and the new school of cement block.

"Our Bakuria, though pleasant and hospitable, can be tough," commented Father James as we chatted through the long evenings. "Their great opponents are the dreaded Masai, to whom they refer simply as 'the enemy.' Both peoples are notorious for cattle stealing. But

the Bakuria are going to be fine men and women some day. An example is a Bakuria boy named Robert Bellarmine, a Catholic who is Native Affairs Secretary in nearby Tarime."

Our circuit brought us next to Masonga, another beautifully placed station. It is on the heights above Lake Victoria, just eight miles from the Kenya border. A reception parade several hundred strong met us on the road. We were back among the Luos. One of their able teachers, Gallus Omolo, led



a large chorus in excellent singing including plain chant.

Father John Schiff, the pastor, and his assistants, Fathers Pierce and Murray, kept us busy every minute. I met Nyantega, the chief, a good man but involved with nine wives.

Last of the stations on our list was Iramba, a center of the Bango-rimi tribe. Father Bayless took me into some of the crude circular huts which have cooking fires inside, and bough beds suspended above the floor. On one bed, little Angela was sleeping, and with unforgivable carelessness I disturbed her. She awoke with a frightened wail, and I retreated as a wretched intruder should who pries curiously into the sacred precincts of other people's private worlds.



A room in the Maryknoll seminary is a fitting memorial. A plaque on the door reminds the student occupant to pray daily for your relative or friend. Offering \$1500.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., New York
Dear Fathers:

I enclose \$..... toward the \$1500 needed for a memorial room in the Maryknoll seminary.

My Name.....

Street.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

I am writing this on a train, after talking to the Pittsburgh Serra Club. I have had the privilege, as well, of addressing units of similar fine Catholic gentlemen in Chicago and Houston.

In Pittsburgh the Serra Club finances in good part the diocesan vocation office. Every year the members invite the new students entering the seminary to gather with those already enrolled; later, through the club members, the parents of the seminarians meet each other; and annually a dinner celebration is arranged for the newly ordained. Besides, there is an intensive program of prayer for vocations. Each day of the month, three club members perform some spiritual work, such as a Holy Hour or acts of mortification or almsgiving, all to the end that God may prompt many boys to serve Him in the priesthood.

What a fine thing it would be if such clubs were formed in the principal cities of South America, where vocations are so sadly needed! Bishop Molloy, of Covington, has a Bishop's Lay Committee on Vocations: outstanding business and professional men, who talk on the priesthood in

schools and elsewhere. There is something appealing in the encouragement of priestly vocations by a man without a Roman collar.

In my talk in Pittsburgh, I begged the members of the Serra Club to get after their wives and daughters to stimulate a similar organization for vocations to Sisters' congregations and to women's lay-missioner groups. The shortage of Sisters is tragic and has already seriously affected our parochial schools in many places. Picture, for instance, in every city fine groups of Catholic women organizing programs to promote vocations to women's groups, religious and lay, praying individually and in groups for vocations, practicing self-denial for the same intention. I dare say such a program would greatly help to increase our Sisters to a half million, the number needed today right here at home.

You will ask what this has to do with foreign missions. I'll tell you. The greater the lack of vocations at home, the greater the lack of vocations for abroad. We must be Catholic and build the whole Catholic Church.

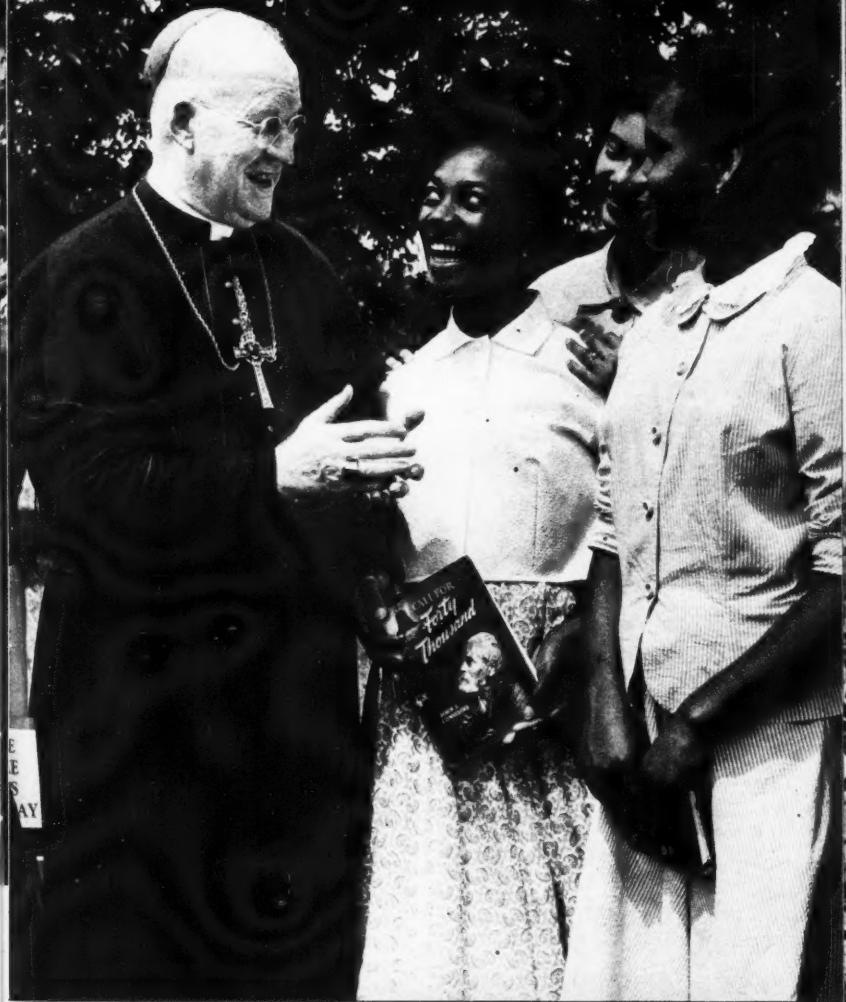
Maryknoll



THIS MONTH'S COVER

The young girl on our cover this month didn't raid a dime store. Her costume jewelry and her cosmetics have rich tribal significance. They are all dear to her heart as precious parts of the heritage of her people. Celebrations that call for this prettying-up, are rare indeed for an African woman, whose life is mostly drudgery.

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Bishop Lane is evidently telling an amusing story to these Southern girls who studied at Grailville, Ohio's training school for the lay apostolate. The bishop recently gave a series of lectures at Grailville, emphasizing the growing need for lay workers in mission work.

FLOOD

**Swift help comes to victims
of a major Japanese tragedy.**

**COMPILED FROM REPORTS
OF MISSIONERS IN KYOTO**

■ ALL DAY heavy black clouds had been gathering over Kyoto, threatening rain. About nine o'clock in the evening, after hearing confessions, Father James Habenicht, of St. Louis, left his mission to go to a home in his parish where the block rosary is being said. On the way the skies let loose, and he was drenched before he reached his destination. The rain slackened by the time he started home.

Near midnight the deluge began again and continued for hours. The rain beat down so loudly in Kyoto City that it awoke Father Thomas J. Prendergast (hometown, Utica, N. Y.), who had a hard time getting back to sleep.

In the little mountainside village of Wazuka, the people listened to the pounding rain in fear and trepidation. Only a short time before, their village had been hit by a flood.

**Village streets were buried under
five feet of mud and flood debris.**





Catholic rescue workers hiked for two and a half hours to reach the area.

On that occasion those villagers who had ventured outside their doors were carried away by the swirling waters and many perished. Now the people huddled in their homes, anxious lest angry waters once again invade their village.

The rain continued to fall in seemingly solid sheets. Hour after hour, it poured down. Streams became swollen and overspread their banks. The reservoir behind Wazuka filled to capacity and began flowing over. Towards dawn, the dam of the reservoir yielded to the tons of pressure behind it — first a trickle through a small fissure, then a roaring wall of water burst its bounds.

Down on Wazuka surged the flood. Through the village it swept, ripping houses from foundations, washing all before it over the moun-

tain side. Of the hundred-odd inhabitants of Wazuka only a half dozen escaped with their lives.

Down upon the lowlands came the angry waters, boiling and tossing with debris and human bodies. Into the hamlet of Ide roared the avalanche. The sounds of collapsing houses and the screams of drowning people rent the early morning air.

Father James Tokuhisa, a Maryknoller from Los Angeles, had left the Aodani parish by jeep early that morning to say mass in Kawanishi. Approaching Ide, he noticed the terrifying height of the water. He was shocked to see houses collapsed and people struggling in the rushing muddy waters.

Father Tokuhisa immediately went into action. He was so excited and so busy, that he has no idea how



Father Tokuhiya (left) gives a haircut in his temporary barber shop while Father Habenicht examines a young farmer injured in the night of terror.

many bodies, alive and dead, he pulled from the waters. He was the first outsider on the scene, and he made trip after trip, loading his jeep with survivors and the dead. Twice he crossed a river bridge that threatened momentarily to collapse. When the bridge did collapse, just after he crossed it for the second time, and when he saw the pile of bodies growing higher, he knew that more help was needed.

Father contacted the head of the Kyoto diocese, Bishop Paul Furuya, who immediately called Father

George Hirschboeck (Maryknoller from Milwaukee) and appointed him relief director, with headquarters at the Catholic Center in Kyoto. Father Hirschboeck got word to all the Kyoto parishes, and almost within minutes help was on its way to the stricken area. Maryknoll Fathers Witte, Mooney, Karlovic, and Eggleston, and Marist Fathers Marsden, Glynn, and Hill led bands of workers into the doomed area. The Maryknoll Sisters rushed out to give aid and consolation.

Father Tokuhisa got in touch with the National Safety Force in Kyoto, and called for workers, trucks, and boats. "I was muddy and bloody," he recalls, "and so excited that I scolded everyone — policemen, firemen, army reserves, doctors, and town officials. They seemed to be full of slow motion."

Within twelve hours of getting word of the disaster, Father Hirschboeck had twelve truckloads of relief supplies moving into the region. They included food, clothing, towels, soap, bedding and kerosene. All these goods had been donated by the Catholics of Kyoto. At eight o'clock that night, with the immediate rescue work under control, Father Tokuhisa finally celebrated his mass that had been scheduled almost fifteen hours earlier.

But the work of the missionaries did not end then. There was still the gigantic need for relief and rehabilitation. People, stunned by the sudden tragedy to their villages, were unable to help themselves. Officials counted 350 dead and missing, 433 injured, and 504 houses completely destroyed.

Young Catholics from Kyoto joined with Catholics from Fushimi and Kawanishi to carry in more supplies needed by the survivors. A truck brought them as close to the scene as possible. Then with packs of goods and tools strapped to their backs, the helpers hiked through the devastation for two and a half hours. The people around Wazuka greeted them with tears. The supplies they brought were exactly what were needed. The only other supplies that had arrived had been

flown in by helicopter and were not nearly enough.

The sights that met the rescue teams were heart-rending. Rough-hewn coffins were piled up, waiting for burial. Village streets were lost under five feet of sand and rocks that had been carried down by the flood waters. Dead bodies were continually being found, some as far away as Osaka. On the mountain, rescuers saw the remains of the Jin-tan medicine factory. Half of it had been knifed off by the flood, and the rest hung precariously over

The entire village of Wazuka was wiped out by the rushing waters.





Father Tokuhisa (left) gives a haircut in his temporary barber shop while Father Habenicht examines a young farmer injured in the night of terror.

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a cliff that the torrent had created. On every side devastation and misery abounded.

Day after day the individual parishes of Kyoto sent out crews of young people. One group built a new house, another shoveled mud (sometimes four feet deep) from houses still standing, others passed out vitamins and food. Father Tokuhisa set up a barber shop and gave free haircuts, as expertly as he had done when a student in Maryknoll Seminary.

Catholic Boy Scouts were on hand to act as guides for rescue groups just arriving. Sodality women kept a laundry going day and night.

The Catholic organizations had rescue operations so well in hand that other groups did not volunteer. Even a Protestant newspaper commented that Protestants had no need to help because the Catholics were doing such a complete job.

The only opposition came from the Communists. They had poured into the area several days after the flood, and were waving red banners and shouting propaganda all over the area. In the Ide village office, they completely covered one wall with pictures of Lenin, Stalin, and Malenkov. They urged the villagers to revolt against the Government which had "allowed" such a disaster to happen. When they gave help, they asked the people to join the Party. But the people were not fooled. Some villages told the Com-

munist to leave, since they did not seem to be interested in doing any practical relief work.

Two weeks after the flood, when life was returning to normal patterns, Father Tokuhisa organized a day of prayer for the victims. A Solemn High Requiem Mass was celebrated on the school grounds at Ide. Catholics from Kyoto, Nara, and Aodani were on hand to swell the singing, and many of the bereaved families attended. Father Tokuhisa preached about the duties owed



If you owned a Maryknoll Annuity you'd sing, too. See the back cover.

to the dead and to the flood victims. The people were very grateful for the spiritual remembrance, because even the Buddhists, who are noted for their reverence for the dead, had not yet organized such prayers.

After Mass, the visiting Catholics remained for more relief work. By day's end they had cleaned mud and debris from six more houses, had built one temporary dwelling for a homeless victim, and had put tin roofing on three other houses.

Members of the police department at Ide visited Father Tokuhisa and told him that they wanted to give him a decoration for the part he and others had played in saving 170 lives at Ide on the morning of the flood. Father Tokuhisa thanked the police, but declined the reward.

"I told the police representative," Father Tokuhisa reported, "that it was my duty to save souls and lives. A man shouldn't get an award for only doing his duty."



Father Prendergast (left) was one of the many missionaries who lent a hand in rehabilitating an area where three hundred and fifty people died.

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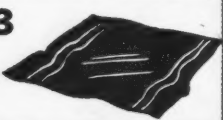
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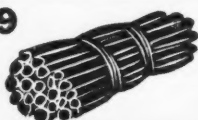
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9



THE POOR IN MISSION LANDS NEED:

1.	Housing for a family	\$100.
2.	Clothes per person	10.
3.	Blanket for child	6.
4.	Medicine for sick	5.
5.	Cooking, eating utensils	5.
6.	Food for hungry	5.
7.	Shoes per person	4.
8.	Gasoline for sick calls, gallon40
9.	Firewood for homes, bundle10

You may donate an item for the
poor in the Maryknoll missions

MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

Dear Fathers:

I enclose \$.....for Number.....above. Please send it to the
mission where it is most needed.

My Name.....

My Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....



For Sale— One Motorcycle

BY FRANCIS A. McKAY, M.M.

■ WHAM! The wall hit me before I knew what was happening. I was learning how to ride a motorcycle, when suddenly the mechanical horse got out of control and headed for the wall. I grabbed for the brake lever but I was too late.

Maryknollers in Chile use every means of transportation known in this part of the world. In Galvarino, Father Tom McDermott has a pick-up truck and during 90% of the year, he is able to bounce along at a good pace. During the rest of the year, the road is a mud bath. Father James Sheridan burns up the roads in and around Portezuelo with a jeep.

Father Frederick Walker uses a delivery truck to make his rounds of mission calls. Father John Moriarty has a bicycle and gets places as long as the roads are dry. Chile is world-famous for its horses, and Father George Painter uses one of these for long sick calls. They say that Father Thomas Plunkett mounts an easy chair atop an oxcart and says his Office in comfort while he travels to the outposts.

For some time Father Joseph Capel had been my ideal. He whizzed

over hill and dale on his small motorcycle. Another of the Fathers had a motorcycle, but it was frequently in the repair shop. On its last mission trip, the motorcycle broke down far out in the country — miles from a garage. There was nothing for the poor Father to do but start pushing. When he got home, he decided then and there that he had done all the pushing he was going to do. That's how I came to own a motorcycle.

In due time, I was ready to learn how to operate it. Our outdoor basketball court looked like a good spot in which to practice. The former owner gave me instructions, and I set forth like a knight of old. Would that I had put on armor! I made about a dozen slow turns around the court, and then decided to learn how to make quick stops. Suddenly the thing began to speed up. I pulled the levers as Father George had instructed. But before I could stop it, the motorcycle hit the wall. The next thing I knew, I was picking myself up, covered with blood. Now I have another problem. Know anyone who wants to buy a motorcycle?

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD

In his symbolic painting of Christ's mystical body, Jack Jewell reminds us that God is the Creator of all things. The cloak of Christ parveys the works of nature, while the robe shows members of His mystical body in all parts of the world — that world which He now hold in the palm of His hand, that world in which every man of every land is redeemed by His sacrifice.





For Good Reading in Lent

2 New Low Priced Books



COME HOLY GHOST BY BISHOP FORD

Deeply moving conferences which reveal the secret of Bishop Ford's memorable labors for Christ in China.

Board \$1.50

paper 60¢

THE STORY OF FATHER PRICE,

Co-founder of Maryknoll. You will take to your heart his humility, his zeal for souls and his special love for Mary Immaculate and her protegee, St. Bernadette.

Board \$1.50

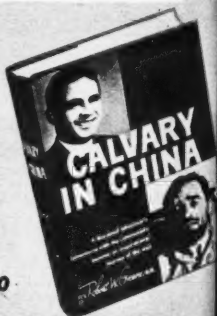
paper 60¢

MISSIONARY WAY OF THE CROSS

with wood-block pictures in Chinese Art. A book of devotion and meditation beautifully written to help us appreciate the great love God has for us and all His children. **\$1.00**

CALVARY IN CHINA

Written with deep humility and spiritual insight, you will use it often for meditation and spiritual reading. **\$3.50**



FOR LITTLE ONES (age 5 to 8) MY BOOK ABOUT GOD

Picture book with simple text illustrates that tone of happy gratitude with which God's children should receive His gifts. **\$2.00**

Maryknoll Bookshelf, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

Please send me:

☐ \$ _____ enclosed ☐ Please bill me.

Mr. }
Mrs. }
Miss } (please print or write your name clearly)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

• NOTE CARDS •

For Thank You's and other short messages.

24 beautiful religious note cards to honor Our Blessed Mother. Every box contains six each of four full-color reproductions of new paintings of Our Lady.

Attractively boxed, the Madonna Note Cards make a thoughtful gift. **\$1.00 a box**








AFTERMATH

At 5:30 A. M. the day begins at the Maryknoll Sisters' clinic in Pusan, Korea. All day long war's aftermath streams through.





■ PUSAN, city of refugees, normally has a population of 250,000. Today it swarms with over a million. People fall dead in the streets and lie unnoticed. Miserable huts of straw and mud cluster on the outskirts, and whole families live holed up in one room, sharing a single blanket at night.

The Maryknoll Sisters' Medical Unit in Pusan seems like a pitifully small craft in the ocean of suffering humanity. The nineteen Maryknoll Sisters, headed by Sister Mary Mercy, M.D. (facing, left), include three medical doctors, two laboratory technicians, two pharmacists, and several registered nurses. Also helping are some Korean Sisters, organized and trained by Maryknollers.

Early every morning the crowds (below) begin to form. By nightfall 2,000 patients will have been treated at the clinic. Day in and day out, the seemingly endless stream of suffering humanity pours through the dispensary. The work is overwhelming, both in amount and urgency, and in its demands for pity and succor.



Sister Paul Francis, pharmacist,
and a Korean nurse treat a tu-
bercular-ridden victim of war.





A father brings his injured son to Sister Augusta. His wife died on the trip from Seoul, and now he lives in a railroad station with his five children.

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Sister Herman Joseph (above) helps quiet a visitor. Sister Rita Damien (below) works out a clinic problem.

■ A SISTER WRITES: "A woman so far gone with tuberculosis that she is but skin and bones came in. Her feet were badly swollen, yet she had walked many miles. After that, a boy with leprosy. Then an old man whose leg had been broken *two years ago* was carried in. Next a six-week-old baby girl, born on the roadside, her mother already dead. For her, we prepared a bottle, and gave the father milk and clothing. A few minutes later a ten-year-old girl, her body swollen like a tight balloon, the result of beri-beri and malnutrition . . ."





■ RELIEF WORK, however, is not confined to the clinic. Every day, teams of Maryknoll Sisters and Korean Sisters of Our Lady of Perpetual Help make the rounds to various outlying shantytowns, visiting the sick in their hovels. On these two pages, Sister Agnus Therese, M.D., and a native Sister show the charity of Christ to the homeless. Every day, many long miles are walked in search of sick and starving wanderers.



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The end of a weary day finds the Sisters homeward bound where prayer and some sleep will give them strength to start over again tomorrow.



SEEMING MILLIONS

undernourished
undeveloped
underprivileged
uneducated
unenlightened

PAVE ENOUGH

and desperate enough to succumb to Communistic propaganda and to become pliant tools in the hands of Red overlords.

THE SISTER-MISSIONER

is on the scene dispensing food, clothing, and educational opportunities. In addition, she imparts to these souls a knowledge and love of God and a solid foundation in Christian principles — the only bulwark against communism.

Sponsor a Sister-missioner for one or more days a month at \$1 a day, so that she may be in the right place at the right time.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

I'd like to sponsor a Sister-missioner. Please use the enclosed \$..... for that purpose.

Name.....

Street.....City.....Zone.....State.....

As long as I can, I will send \$..... each month for this purpose. I understand that I may omit or stop the payments whenever I wish.



Willie, the Winebibber

BY CYRIL A. GOMBOLD, M.M.

People never hired Willie; they led him to work with a bottle.

■ IF ALL THE WINE Willie had drunk in his life could be gathered into one place, it would make a fair-sized pond. And if all the lies Willie had invented to avoid responsibility could be made into one, it would surely be a whopper. Willie had devoted 72 years to the pursuit of happiness.

No one could complain that Willie was a bad neighbor. When there was work to be done, just so it did not last too long and could be camouflaged so as not to look like a job, he was glad to help. Mr. Ahuna, who always had a lot of odd jobs that needed doing, could count on Willie every time. He'd drive down the road until he found Willie, sitting under a tree. They'd talk about the weather or the fishing, until Mr. Ahuna figured Willie was thirsty. Then they'd go to Mr. Ahuna's house. They'd drink wine out by

the rabbit houses, or near the garden, wherever the job was to be done. Then Mr. Ahuna would suggest that he had to do this or that, and Willie would pitch in.

If anyone offered to hire him to do the same jobs, Willie's back was sore; or he had to go to Takata's store first; or he had promised to go fishing. People never hired Willie; they led him to work with a wine bottle.

Of course, he never went to church. He was getting too old to walk far, and the church was farther away than Luke's saloon. He hardly ever told the truth, but that was in self-defense. Although he got drunk as often as he could get himself on the outside of enough wine, he never made trouble. As Willie said, "I never steal — at least not much. I don't use real bad words. I leave the women alone. If I do

anything wrong, I kneel down and forgive myself."

Willie hadn't been to confession since Father Olivier worked in Kohala. Father Olivier had died in 1898. Willie had nothing against the sacrament — he just felt he didn't have anything to be sorry for. The angels surely had some fancy bookkeeping to do on Willie.

When Father Shultz came to Kohala, he tried to wean Willie away from wine, just as eleven other priests before him had tried to do. He started by attempting to get Willie to go to confession, and he ended by making up his mind to commend Willie's soul to God each morning and evening.

Once, during 1951, the priest thought the patron saints and special angels had struck the blow that might sweep Willie into heaven. Chey Ching had had a party when his youngest son got married. Willie couldn't carry his load home from the party. He slept it off under a tree. Not even the deep chill of a driving rainstorm awakened him. When passers-by found him and took him to the hospital, he had developed a fine case of pneumonia.

Father Shultz got to the hospital just about the time the nurse finished the penicillin shots. Doc Bart shook his head kind of hopelessly, so the priest figured it was time for a last-ditch try.

"Willie, can you hear me?"

Willie opened one bleary, red-rimmed eye. "Yes, Father."

"How do you feel, Willie?"

"Awful, Father."

"You're very sick, Willie. The Doc thinks that you might die."

Willie opened both eyes. "Am I really that sick, Father?"

"You are. You've got pneumonia, and you're not as young as you used to be. Don't you think, Willie, that it's time to straighten out your accounts with God?"

"Do you think I'm going to die, Father?" Willie asked the question thoughtfully.

"Willie, I think it's time for you to make a good confession. It's been a long time, hasn't it?" The priest hoped Willie would not notice that the question had not been answered. But, sick as he was, Willie was not fooled.

"But am I dying, Father?"

Dear God in heaven, the priest thought, why must we feel the teeth closing when our head is in the lion's mouth? He brushed the sweat from his brow impatiently.

"Please, Willie," he said. "I don't know, but Doc Bart thinks you're going to die. He as much as told me so."

The old man closed his eyes and seemed to have fallen asleep. His breathing sounded noisily in the hot, quiet room. The priest prayed silently to the Blessed Virgin. She was kind. It was not like her to abandon anyone—even one so wine-soaked and stubborn as Willie. He brushed at the sweat, wondering why he always forgot a handkerchief.

"I think I want to go to confession, Father," the sick man suddenly said. "I've been a stinker."

"Thank God!" the priest breathed. He adjusted the stole around his neck. For the next ten minutes they excavated lightly. Father Shultz advised Willie to be

sorry for his sins. He didn't mind that Willie could not say the words of the "Act of Contrition," because he believed that God would take Willie's declaration of being a stinker as sufficient. All in all, it was a fine Sacrament of Penance, a joy to the angels in heaven.

Next came Extreme Unction. Willie liked this much better, because the priest said all the prayers. Weak with sickness though he was, Willie felt well brushed for his meeting with God. He decided to put in a good word for Father Shultz when he met Him. He started to think about the kind of wine the saints drink, but put the thought away because it isn't good to die while thinking about wine. He tried to think about some prayers to say, but that was too hard. Presently Willie fell asleep.

Modern medicine is wonderful. Three days and many injections later, Willie was well enough to be restless. Two weeks later he was shuffling down the road toward Luke's saloon. When he did not attend Mass for two Sundays, and had to be carried to his house after Dora Ching's wedding party, Father Shultz went to see him.

"Willie, don't you think you're taking a chance with God, after making all those promises?"

The wrinkled, weather-beaten face was downcast.

"Father, I guess I'm just a no-good stinker."

He scuffed the grass with his worn shoe. "But, you know something?" His face lighted up, "I've started to learn the words for the 'Act of Contrition.' The next time I get so sick, I'll know all the words."

TWO WAYS TO HELP THE MISSIONS



1

■ **WE WANT** more people to subscribe to our magazine. You can suggest it to them. Or you can send your friends gift subscriptions, at \$1 a year each.



2

■ **ANOTHER** way to help. If more than one copy of **MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD AFAR**, is going to your home, we suggest that you write and tell us to combine those subscriptions under one name at your address. We will extend the length of the subscription, for the total amount already paid for all subscriptions thus combined.

GUATEMALA

A PICTURE PORTFOLIO

■ FILL a palette with every color of the rainbow, and you will be prepared to paint Guatemala. Here amid the gaiety of beautiful native costumes, and under rich cobalt-blue skies, the imagination is carried away in fancy's flight. But for the serious visitor who digs deeper, there are poverty and hunger and priestless people without number.



Chatter in the market place. Weeks of hard work buy these clothes.





Can she see her future in her cup?







The Guatemalan costume differs from village to village. The mother (above) is from the Lake Atitlan region. The bulky headdresses and color pattern identify the women (opposite) with Chichicastenango.



EDITORIAL:

Shadow of the Man

BY BISHOP JAMES E. WALSH, M.M.

■ THE GREAT resources that the founders of Maryknoll banked upon were the grace of God and the character of American youth. As they saw it, the character of young Americans had a great capacity to give itself generously to serious supernatural demands.

Those shining morning faces sparkled on the playground; bent earnestly enough over mechanical problems and household chores; wrinkled up in reasonable concentration when confronted with study books. They also grew reverent on the altar and at the Communion table. The faces of promising youth; but what sort of men were to follow? Would these same youths shine under other skies and sterner marching orders, or

would they fret and falter? Would that smiling, budding generation put away the things of a child and take up cheerfully and in dead earnest the things of a man?

THE BACKGROUND of American youth is a good remote preparation for being a missionary. The man about to step forward is familiar with America's melting pot — the mark of which is indelibly upon him. That was his true cradle, the big leveling crucible into which everybody was plunged and churned around. The resultant product is a tough-fibered type in which firmness and flexibility, fierce independence and kindly consideration are harmoniously combined.

American youth is tossed into the congenial hurly-burly from infancy. He has all his little class and racial superstitions rubbed off and ridiculed out of existence, promptly and efficiently. Far from regretting it, he becomes enamored of the process. A sense of reality is born in him early. He soon stops parroting catch calls and slogans.

He never had to listen to the glories of his own race being shouted from the housetops all day long — together with the sad inferiorities



Delaying your will? Don't be stubborn. Get our free Will booklet.

of every other. He was never taught to despise whole categories of people about whom he knew nothing. He never learned to look on the very least of men as anything less than a brother, or on the very best of men as one whit better than himself. Thus he is marked with a few leopard spots that will be of genuine service to him in his future profession. He had taken on this coloration before he ever followed a religious vocation. The melting pot has taught him to respect all and to hate nobody.

THERE IS STILL another melting pot — as it might be called with some justice — to hammer and mold him yet further. It supplied whatever the first one lacked. When a seminary is so fortunate as to collect its students from every corner of a whole, broad-gauge nation, the rank and file thus assembled will do a lot of its own formative work — colliding and cavorting, rubbing and refining, edifying and being edified, acting and reacting on each other.

This is not an indispensable feature of seminary training, but it is a very valuable one for the men who are to exercise their priesthood at the ends of the earth. Put Brooklyn and Texas together, Iowa and Ohio and Pennsylvania, Missouri and Minnesota — each contingent will learn something from the other. All concerned will rub their eyes and find their erstwhile universe considerably enlarged.

The missionary goes out into a big

MARCH, 1954

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

*Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America*

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

world. He is to be all things to men who are totally removed from his ordinary ken. He will do more than rub his eyes before he has penetrated their minds fully.

All this is still a very far cry from the goal of the full-fledged Catholic missionary. That goal is supernatural. No amount of natural qualifications or means could attain an aim of this sort. Still, what is the matter with a purely natural step if it be a good one? A great many natural developments are providential; all spiritually helpful ones are. The melting pot belongs in this category.

What ONE Brother Can Do!



A SKILLED CRAFTSMAN, **BROTHER ALBERT M.M.**, CONSTRUCTED MANY MARYKNOLL MISSIONS DURING HIS 30 YEARS IN CHINA, INCLUDING A HOSPITAL, LEPROSARIUM, CHAPELS, RECTORIES, SCHOOLS AND CONVENTS ~

WHILE CONDUCTING A **CARPENTRY** SCHOOL FOR POOR BOYS, WHOM HE FED AND GAVE A FULL KIT OF TOOLS, HE WAS ARRESTED BY THE COMMUNISTS ON FALSE CHARGES.

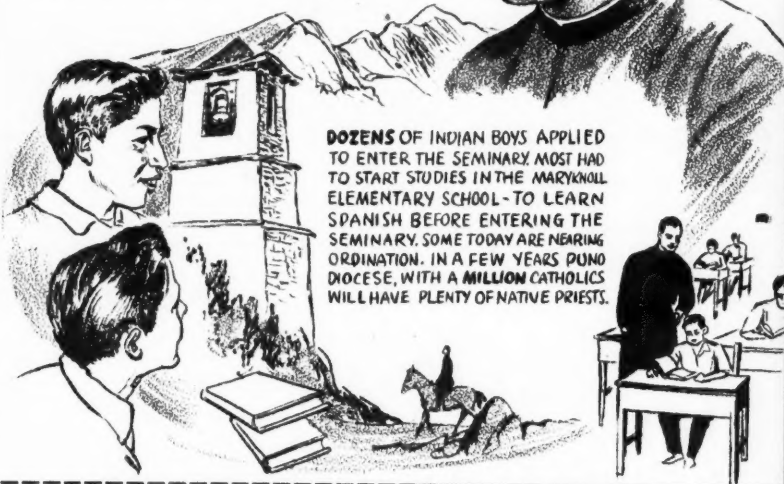


TRIED, RELEASED AND EXPELLED FROM CHINA **BROTHER ALBERT** IS CONSTRUCTING SHELTERS FOR THE HOMELESS IN HONG-KONG - AND TEACHING THEIR SONS THE TRADE OF ST. JOSEPH.

The month of March is the month of St. Joseph, the Guardian of the Christ Child and His Virgin Mother. It is also Vocation Month. The Church needs vocations in the whole wide world, in your Diocese, in religious orders and among contemplatives, in the home and on foreign missions. One of Our Lord's commands was: "Pray... the Lord of the harvest, that he send forth laborers into his harvest."

What ONE Priest Can Do!

IN PUNO, PERU, **FATHER R. KEARNS** OF NEW YORK CITY, WAS MADE RECTOR OF THE SEMINARY. BUT THERE WERE NO CANDIDATES FOR THE PRIESTHOOD. ON HORSEBACK, IN JEEP, ON OX-CART ~ AND ON FOOT, FATHER KEARNS TRAVELED HUNDREDS OF MILES TO TELL INDIAN BOYS OF THE NEED OF PRIESTS ~



DOZENS OF INDIAN BOYS APPLIED TO ENTER THE SEMINARY. MOST HAD TO START STUDIES IN THE MARYKNOLL ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - TO LEARN SPANISH BEFORE ENTERING THE SEMINARY. SOME TODAY ARE NEARING ORDINATION. IN A FEW YEARS PUNO DIOCESE, WITH A **MILLION** CATHOLICS WILL HAVE PLENTY OF NATIVE PRIESTS.

MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK

Dear Fathers: Please send me literature about becoming a Maryknoll

☐ Priest

☐ Brother

☐ Sister

(Check one.) I understand that this does not bind me in any way.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....Postal Zone.....

State.....Age.....School.....Grade.....



Even the four-wheel drive of the mission's jeep is no match for the booby traps of the mahogany highway. Pushing, are Father Winrich and catechist.

MAHOGANY HIGHWAY

A PICTURE STORY FROM
CENTRAL AMERICA

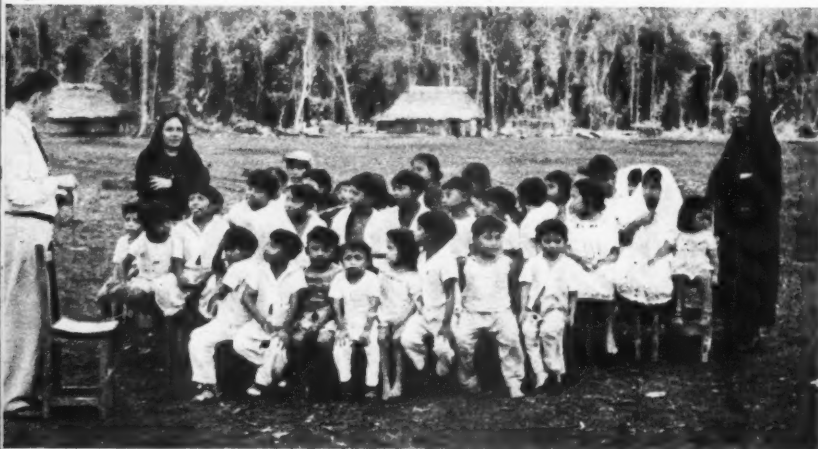
■ FATHER WALTER WINRICH is often on the road, mending the spiritual fences among his people, who earn their living in the mahogany lumber camps in the back country of Central America. That's a long way from Raymond, Washington, where Father played trombone in the high-school band; won a county-wide oratorical contest; was president of the student body and a letter man in track. This magazine gave him the idea of becoming a Maryknoller. Now, as his jeep bounces over muddy roads, the idea has become a reality.



Father Winrich finds the back of his jeep a handy desk for taking down marriage records.



Lumberjacks built this log chapel in three weeks; it is dedicated to Saint Gertrude. Thanks to Father Winrich, the loggers are no longer without Sunday Mass.



The small fry of a loggers' camp are all set for an alfresco catechism class. Right: A long, cool drink of water from a handy gourd before the dusty ride home.



Letters

OF THE MONTH

"I put a piece of my heart in every note
that I send to my dear Maryknoll."

Where Is Home?

I just returned from a country I did not know existed until a short while before I got there, namely, Korea. What I saw there set me back many years. War is a nasty thing in itself, but the men, women and children affected by it are numerous and their needs great. Having seen this and not being able to do anything materially while there, I feel obliged to contribute aid to someone who can help them. We are lucky to be Americans, but I'm afraid a lot of people don't realize it.

ROBERT W. LAUER

St. Charles, Mo.

The story of the Korean war orphans by Elizabeth Reid is one of the most touching things I have ever read. We hear much about need in the world, and a great deal about tragedy. Miss Reid makes the sorrow of Korea a problem come alive.

IRENE LEIGHTON

Chicago

My grandson brought home moving pictures of homeless children that he had taken during his time in service in Korea, and they have touched me to the heart. Recently while watching a plea on television, I sat wishing I had something to give them. Please see that the enclosed check gets to the "children of God."

MABEL M. WELLER

Pomona, Calif.

Compensation

Enclosed find a dollar to take the place of that horrid creature who canceled his subscription because he could not stand the sight of starving children. Send it to someone who would like to have the magazine but can't afford it.

PATRICIA FOULAY

New York City

Compliment

I find Father R. S. McMonigal's pieces on his Bolivia parish very interesting. His writing style and subject matter make for charming stories. I particularly like to read articles or reports that deal with South America.

LAWRENCE E. MCALLISTER

Flushing, N. Y.

Vocation

I would ask special prayers for my intention. It is my greatest desire to stay here in the Far East and do missionary work. I shall be discharged in Japan this year, and look forward to entering the Trappist monastery on the island of Hokkaido. It is my greatest desire to work to relieve the great hardships brought upon the land of Korea. Bishop Ford and Bishop Byrne, both great missionaries, gave their lives. Let these two men be guides for future Maryknoll priests and Brothers.

CPL. BASIL T. BAUCH

c/o Postmaster, San Francisco

MARYKNOLL

Bishop Ford's Help

Not quite a year ago I wrote to Maryknoll telling of my grief at the death of Bishop Ford. At the time I was expecting my fifth child — a child I was not supposed to have, because I have a heart disease.

I asked Bishop Ford to help me. I had a wonderful delivery, and we have a very beautiful daughter — Maria Regina Coeli. I will not go into details, but my pulse, which usually ran 95-120, is now 80 and 72. Another native New Yorker here in Oak Ridge feels that she, too, was helped by Bishop Ford.

MRS. FRED E. BOWMAN

Whittier, Calif.

Question and Answer

Where do so many people get the idea that the Church is rich? Everyone should know that the Church is rich in goodness and virtue, but when it comes to money, we are a poor organization. They ask why should the Pope drink out of a gold chalice. In school I learned the answer. It is because that chalice holds the Blood of Christ. God was good enough to send His only begotten Son to die for us. Why then shouldn't He be given the best that we have and can offer on this earth? All things are trivial compared to even one drop of His Blood.

MARY E. DOWD

New York City

Object Lesson

I have torn out the picture of the little boy searching the garbage heap in Hong Kong for food, and hung it up in my kitchen. It will be a reminder to me not to waste food, and also how well off we are here in America.

MRS. ROBERT MEYERS

New Orleans

Young Reader

I thought you might be interested in knowing how much our Mary (aged 2½) enjoys your magazine. We refer to it around the house as "Mary's magazine," and she becomes very excited on the day it arrives. We feel that Mary, though at a tender age, is learning many, many of the right and wholesome things by looking at and questioning the pictures in your grand magazine. The issue of last winter that had the Virgin and Baby Jesus on the cover went to bed with Mary many a night. "Baby God and His Mommie" had to have their share of the pillow and covers as well.

MRS. ALAN RASMUSSEN

Minneapolis

Daily Bread

The article last month by Father Lyons gives occasion for much thought. It explains, too, the tremendous appeal that communism has for the great masses of poor to be found all over the world. Men will not worry about heaven, which is some years off, when they are starving today. Every instinct demands that they care for their immediate needs.

Christians who forget the social teachings of the Church are among the ones who cause communism. If men would practice the truths they give lip service to, communism would wither and die because it would not have anywhere to grow. What better way is there to start than with one's self? We need someone to lead a new crusade that will restore basic essentials to man's thinking.

FRANCIS X. MURRAY

Boston

Orchids to Father Francis Lyons!

MARGARET POWERS

Detroit

Bamboo Wireless

Korean veteran Father WILLIAM BOOTH, who underwent infamous Death March and spent long years in Red prisons, arrives back in Korea this month to begin work in new territory assigned to Maryknoll. Fellow Brooklynite, Father JAMES PARDY is the superior of the new area . . . BISHOP LANE is presently in Africa making a visitation to Maryknollers in Tanganyika. He is using every spare moment he can find to complete the life of BISHOP BYRNE, who died under the Korean Reds. The bishop began writing the book on the boat to Africa.

* * *

SISTERS JULIANA and CHAMINADE have produced a best selling juvenile in their new book Neighbors in Our Town. It promises to have the biggest sale of any of our publications . . . Another new book to appear shortly is The Meaning of Maryknoll by FATHER NEVINS. It presents the history and work of the Society in human terms.

* * *

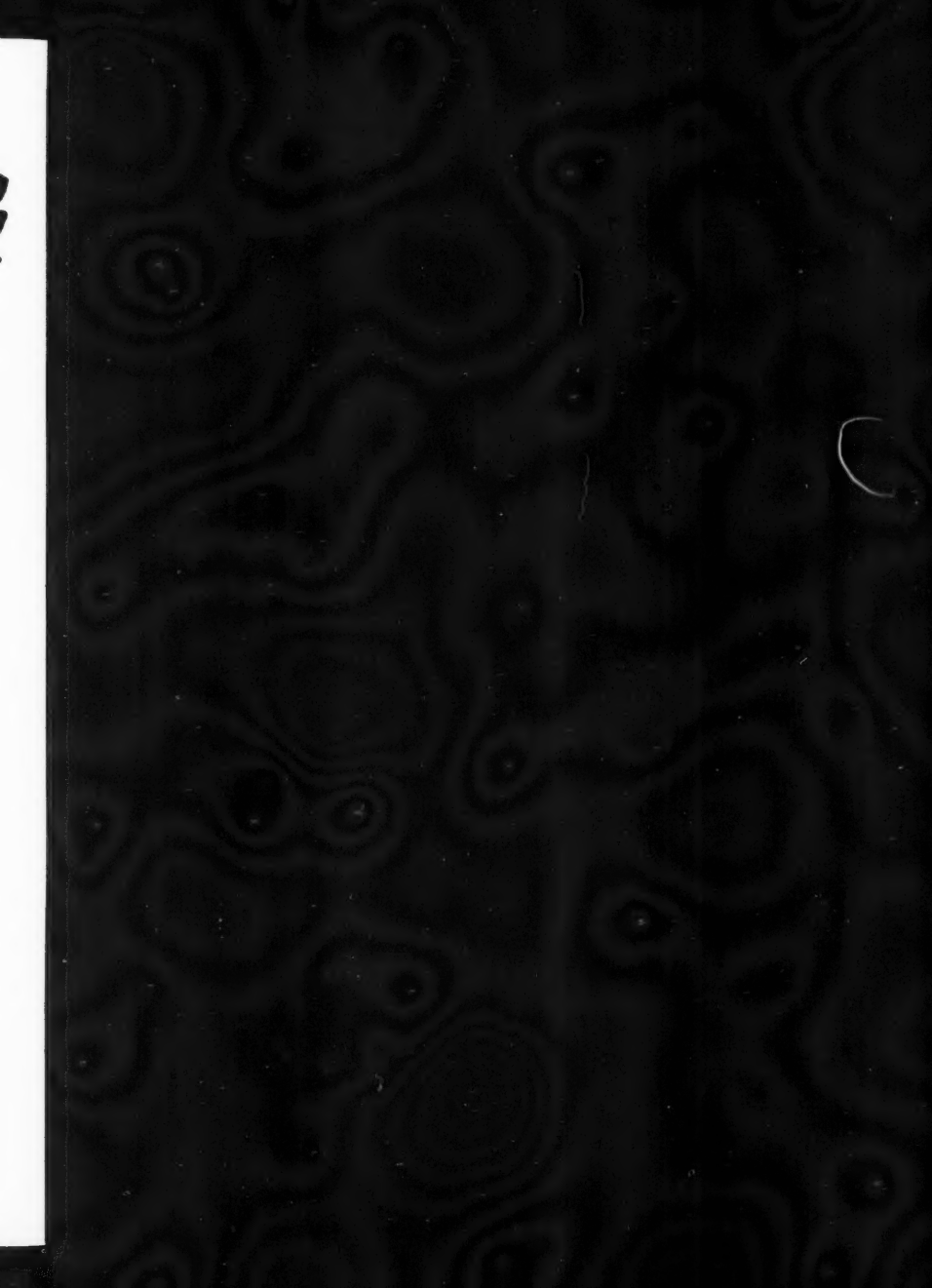
Father JOHN BRADY, of San Francisco, who won the Bronze Star as chaplain in Korea has been assigned to special work among Puerto Rican troops because of his Spanish-speaking background gained as a missionary in Chile . . . Greenhouse at Maryknoll a riot of color as Seminarian BRYCE NISHIMURA gets his flowers ready for Easter altars . . . New administration building at Maryknoll being readied for occupancy while the walls of the permanent chapel rise higher every day.

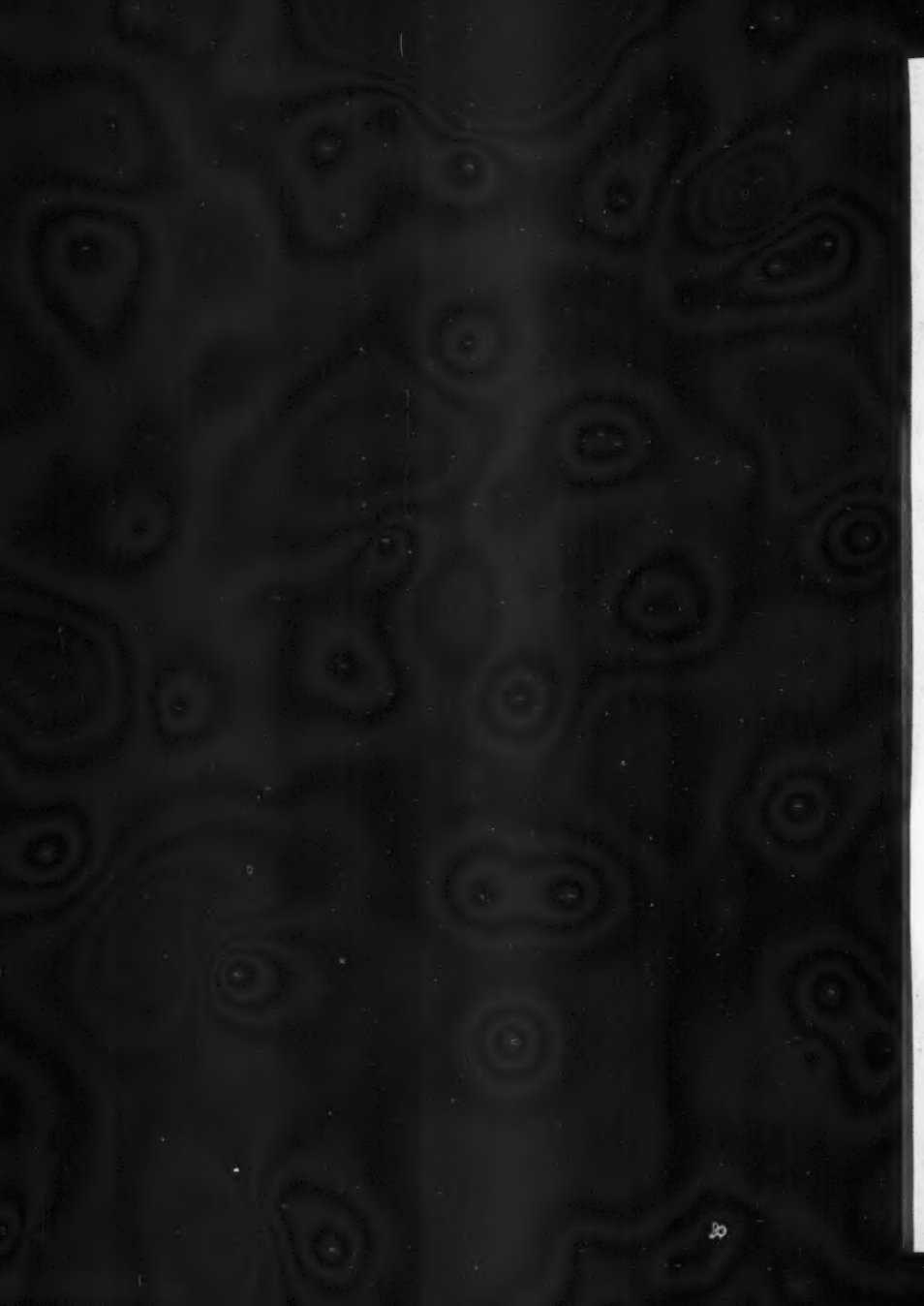
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Missioners in Japan report that last year 1,489 children below eighteen years of age were sold by their parents. Average price was \$30, although in sixteen cases it dropped as low as \$3. Figure of sales was twice that of previous year.

* * *

Retired Deputy Inspector WILLIAM MALEY, of New York City Police, was in Africa recently visiting his daughter, a Maryknoll Sister. A wild boar attacked his jeep but was stopped dead fifteen feet away by a single shot from Father ARTHUR WILLE, of Watsonville, Calif. "Nice going!" congratulated Inspector Maley, former instructor in marksmanship for New York's finest . . . SISTER MARIA JOSE gets hero's welcome on arriving back in Honolulu after winning third prize with her Hawaiian cookies in a national baking contest.





■ DONA CRISTINA's only regret in dying was the sorrow it was giving her eleven-year-old son. She wished to distract him, so she said, "Pedro, go over the bridge to the fiesta in San Juan and buy me some fruit."

Pedro did not hesitate; the fruit would make his mother well. He threw a bag over his shoulder and went down to the river, and over it by the one-man bridge. The river was high, and the bridge swayed back and forth. Pedro hung on for dear life, looking down now and again at the savage waters, as they troubled themselves in their hurry to reach the sea. Once across, he climbed the hill; ten minutes later he was buying the fruit at one of the open-air stalls on the fiesta grounds.

Pedro would have liked to stay and enjoy the excitement. The dancing, the singing, but most of all in Pedro's mind, a fiesta meant sugarcane candy. But his mother was sick and she was waiting, so he hurried off down the hill.

Pedro was on his way back to the town where his mother had lived all her life. Cristina was a very devout Catholic who had played the organ and sang in the church choir. Before she took sick, she earned a living for herself and her son by running a small store. I was in her store one day when an Indian came in to buy a sombrero.

"How much?" asked the Indian after he had found one he liked.

"One dollar," said Dona Cristina.

Said the Indian, "I'll give you sixty cents for it."

"Eighty cents," offered Dona Cristina, "and the other twenty cents goes to the Padre."

Over the Bridge

BY LOUIS H. HATER, M.M.

"That's a deal," said the Indian.

I was in the house when Pedro burst into the room where his mother lay, and shouted, "Mother, here is the fresh fruit you wanted."

His mother did not speak. She had crossed over the bridge into eternity. All of a sudden, Pedro realized this. The fruit fell from his arms and rolled in all directions. He sank to his knees, crying bitterly.

I took him by the arm and asked him to come back to the rectory with me. On the way I assured him that I would find another mother for him.

I let it be known that I wanted some woman of the parish to take care of Pedro. Two dozen volunteered. A board of investigation was appointed to decide who would best qualify for the job. The board agreed that Dona Maria was the most likely candidate. Pedro is now in good hands.

Dona Cristina is over the bridge, in heaven, I hope. While she was on earth, her constant prayer was that Pedro would become a priest. She still prays for her son. God grant that he become a priest.

WANT ADS

Reach More People more often, by providing a missionary with a catechist to teach Christian doctrine in remote villages. \$15 will pay a catechist's salary for a month.

Thirty Thousand Indians live in the Ixtahuacan mission, Guatemala. They need a school. You can help provide it: adobes, \$30 per thousand; roof tiles, \$16 per thousand; lime, \$7 per thousand lbs.; floor tiles, \$2 per hundred.

A Teacher's Salary is \$4 a month in African schools. Yet one missionary had to let ten teachers go the other day and dismiss the children. He lacked the \$4 for each teacher!

A Fitting Memorial would be a chapel in Catmis, in honor of St. Catherine, or in Cinuenta, in honor of The Immaculate Conception. Each will cost \$1,500.

While He's In Training for his life's work, at the Maryknoll agricultural school, Molina, Chile, you can help Juan and his hundred companions by donating a tractor. \$1,000 will do it.

"I Sincerely Hope your skin is clearing up and that soon it will completely disappear." So we read in a personal letter recently. Skin diseases clear up slowly. Would it interest you to provide \$20 for skin ointment and worm medicine, for our mission dispensaries?

Organic Financing. Raising \$200 to pay for an organ for a church in Formosa. A hard problem, will you help us solve it?

A 100-Year Old mission church was destroyed in a two-minute earthquake in Portezuelo, Chile. The Maryknoll pastor can erect a new, earthquake-proof church for \$9,000. Will you help him?

The Catholic Radio Hour in Kyoto, Japan, is a weekly program conducted by Maryknollers. Would you sponsor it once? Each program costs \$100.

She Is Something Special in a very special service — a Sister, that is, doing catechetical work in Bolivia. Will you provide a mission-station room for her? Only \$150. Two are needed.

San Juan Parish Hall, Peru, can be completed for \$1,270. It is designed to serve 25,000 Indians. Here's your chance to "Give it back to the Indians."

Dishes For the Students' dining room, Kyoto, Japan, can be supplied for \$25 and kitchen utensils for \$30. May they have the pots, pans and plates?

No Sir. There is no furniture in any of the sacristies of the six Maryknoll churches in the Philippines. A mere \$100 will equip one sacristy.

The Road to Calvary is dramatized in the Stations of the Cross. Only 2 of the 14 Stations have been donated for our new Seminary chapel. You may give one or more if you wish, as a memorial to someone you love. Offering: \$500 each.

Gifts of \$100 from each of 75 persons will help provide a sanctuary for our new chapel.



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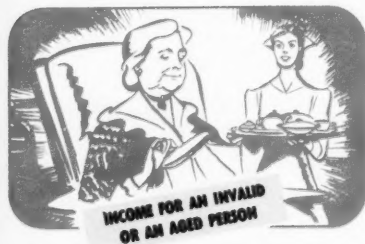
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People are Interesting!

The Boy Whose
Prayer Was Heard



1. Brave young Mathias each day brought the Blessed Sacrament to Sisters imprisoned by the Reds.



2. But one morning the guard sat at the door behind which Sister awaited his precious package



3. Mathias found a side window but how to call Sister before the suspicious guard came after him?



4. "Jesus on my breast," he prayed fervently, "prompt Sister to come before the guard sees me."



5. At that moment Sister appeared at the window. Mathias turned the corner as the guard arrived.



6. "What prompted me to go to that window?" Sister asked herself. Only Mathias knew the answer.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.

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